

"Were you born here?"

"No, in Texas. ¹⁴"

"Where?"

"Fort Worth." Natalie said she was born in Las Cruces. I suppose the Bowmans lived there.

"You are fourteen, aren't you?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Then you born in 1889: isn't that so?" I intended to ask what day and month, to make sure it was July 14, but somehow I didn't.

Palm Sunday.

Carl Hedenberg and I went to the Cathedral for Solemn High Mass in the morning. The service lasted $2\frac{3}{4}$ hrs. Lillian Scanlon sang The Palms clearly, but without feeling or understanding.

In the afternoon I spent an hour and a half at the Dinty Church with the Darvisses listening to B. Fay Mills, and then to St. Paul's in the evening for another hour and a half. On my way to the car I passed Hazard's Pavillion, where Ballington Booth was speaking. I dropped in for fifteen minutes. The Pavillion was packed to the roof, and I shall not forget the picture of that tall, earnest, magnetic old man, wasted nearly away by his enthusiasm, holding the huge audience perfectly still, and his every word ringing clear and reaching the farthest corner of the auditorium.

My church record for today is 6 hrs! And only once did I hear "Les Rameaux", which was the cause of all my wanderings.

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Monday.

With practically my last money I bought three Schumann-Heink tickets (\$6.) for ~~next~~ Tuesday week. I was the first one to buy tickets this morning, consequently I have the best — but ~~2~~ a seat for 6th row balcony is rather rather.

Anna Roberts phoned to Ma to come to the Burbank with me in the evening, and accordingly we did so. "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson", with Florence Roberts. Her manager was in the box with us — Mr. Warde.

Wednesday.

Alice Woods and I went to the Cotillion at Francis's.

Returning at about 11:45, I heard squeals as I passed the gate.

"Hear the pups?" I asked Gil. "How long have they been born?"

"About fifteen minutes."

Tomorrow we found that there were eleven of them, five of which we beheaded, leaving one female and five males. The corpses I put ~~at~~ in a hole in my rose garden, after christening them collectively "Caesar", and put a red-rose bush over them.

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose, as where some buried Caesar bled."

This remains to be seen.

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Wednesday.

We named the pups this morning. There were 13 originally, 2 of which were born dead (?), (and are nameless). Five we christened "the five Caesars," and after execution planted them under a red rose. Of the six remaining, two are black and white, and four brown and white. I suggested "Lohrah" and "Rustum" for the blacks, and it was adopted, when Clouderley ~~just~~ suddenly had a brilliant idea, and so we named the six after the famous divinities of old. Jens, Jove, Allah, Brahma, Odin, and the female Isis. Jens is mine. Besides having the best color — most like Brownie's — he shows the possibilities of being far the brightest, and is certainly the best shaped. Well, what would you of the "father of gods and men"?

Monday.

Cloudesley, Mama, Miss Moore and I, from the center seats in the front row of the balcony of the Grand Opera House, saw (but not heard) Minnie Maddern Fiske play Mary of Magdala. For several years I have been looking forward to seeing Mrs. Fiske. I did not want to die till I had seen her - and Mansfield. She would have had to be very, very great to come up to my expectations - "the greatest living actress" are the words in which I have always thought of her. She isn't. In the last part of the fourth act Mrs. Fiske is very great. "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away" will remain in my memory until the day break, and the shadows flee away. But her annunciation is abominable, as is that of the whole company except Frank Gillmore and William Mack, both of whom are very fine actors, though the former lacks atmosphere, and the latter had but a small chance to show what he could do. Hobart Bosworth, as Judas, is melodramatic and disgusting. The man

has power, but no restraint. He puts as much tragedy of tone into his simplest lines as he does into his betrayal of Christ and his death-shriek. The tableau at the close of Act III, with the High Priest holding the candle to Judas' awful face was wonderfully effective. The play is very poor, except in bits, here and there, such as "That's what he said!" which Gillmore made the most of. Magnificently staged and costumed, with splendid incidental music, a very exceptional band of extras (who are evidently carried with the company), and the most perfect stage-management, ~~makes~~ the performance as a whole almost great, but not quite.

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Tuesday

Clouesley brought Mrs. Metcalfe to sit next me at the Grand tonight. Mrs. Fiske in Hedda Gabler. She is absolutely the perfect Mrs. Tesman, and her support exceptionally good. Max Figman (as the Assessor) looks and acts the part, and ends the play splendidly with his wondering "People don't do such things!" The repulsive Judas of last night makes an ~~awful~~ exceedingly satisfactory Lovborg. I don't quite see how he could do so poorly as Judas of Kerioth. William Mack's Tesman was perfect (there is no other word which applies). It is not much of a part, but ~~no one~~ ~~could~~ could have looked it better or played what little there is of it in a more fitting manner. Belle Bohn, who last night played Rachel colorlessly, could not be improved upon as Mrs. Elvsted. Like Max Figman, she belongs in Hedda Gabler and not in Many of Margdala. (The orchestra did not appear during the evening, and I missed it. Never heard of such a thing before) Yet in spite of the fact that

the acting was so nearly perfect in every particular, the result is not greatness. It is not the play that Ghosts^{II} is, nor is there any Claus Bogel. Hedda Gabler is a disgusting study of unusually degenerate and unbalanced people, and teaches no lesson to humanity. It is Ibsen — but it is not Ghosts. Strange to say, they all spoke clearly tonight. I think the cutting criticisms in all the papers yesterday showed Mrs. Fiske that some improvement was needed. We sat in the same seats as the night before.

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Sunday.

Etor Canyon. — Virginia, Natalie, Inerla, Mrs. Baird, Arturo, Mr & Mrs. Kepple, Gladys, Carl Hedberg, Miss Moore, Clonderley and I; later Mrs. Metcalfe, and still later, (wounded) Mr. Senard. Now the queer part of it is this: the trip was planned first on April 5th, and the girls were to go (Opal and Natalie), but nothing was said about the children (Arthur & Inerla) Sunday, April 10, was the date set, but on Saturday Virginia telephoned and asked to have the affair postponed till the following Sunday (17th), so that the girls could go. Agreed. Two days before the reset date, Virginia called (with Kepple) and said that all the young folks were going. Now she knew all the time that Opal and Natalie were to be confirmed that Sunday, but said nothing about it. From Mrs. Metcalfe we learned of it, and so postponed the affair again. So, last Sunday, I attended the confirmation, and returning from the Borman's with Virginia and Buckler, I, (having heard from Mrs. Metcalfe that the girls had to go to con-

munion on the 24th, and could not go
 to the Canyon) ~~On the car~~ I asked V.
 on the car if the girls wanted to go on the
 picnic, or if it was only politeness.
 "Yes, they want to go, Bert." "Then," I said,
 "Let's go Saturday (23rd) instead of Sunday."
 "Why yes," said Roddy. On Friday night
~~Virginia~~ I phoned to Hope 1356, and asked
 Opal (who answered) for Virginia. "She's
 down town." "Thanks," I said, and hung
 up without a word, although I knew it
 was Opal. She knew, too, for soon a
 ring from Roddy, (in town), called me
 to the phone. "Didn't you just ring up
 the house?" Evidently Opal, ~~phoned Virginia~~
 answering a phone of Virginia's, mentioned
 that I had called up, and Roddy, before
 returning, called me. She said the girls
 couldn't go Saturday, and asked to change
 back to Sunday again, as long as they couldn't
 go. Agreed again. Therefore, this morning
 I went over on the first car, and found
Merla and Arthur and Natalie all
 dressed to go, and the Countess entirely

out of sight. Not one word of explanation did Virginia make, nor did I show in any way that there was anything to be surprised at — but ——— it was a damned outrage. Coming back on the Pasadena car, in the evening, Natalie and I played Philopene, (I'm young 11) and she mentioned incidentally that Opal would be mad at her for going anyhow, and leaving her (Opal) to teach the Sunday-school class. The Countess teaching Sunday-school! What next, I wonder!

As for the picnic, — everyone walked his or her limit, Natalie had a good time and will talk of it to Opal, Mrs. Baird was scared dumb on the cliff, C and Mrs. M. strolled alone towards the boat, Mr. Leonard's horse threw him, and he came out, wounded, and sent for Mrs. Baird to comfort him. Later he sent ^{myself} ~~back~~ back in ~~his~~ a tally-ho, Keffel, Virginia and Mrs. Baird remaining with him at the foot of the trail, whence they returned to the Maryland Hotel. C. and I went home with Mrs. Metcalfe and her hats and Arthur, and then I left the house at once. Opal was nowhere to be seen.

Wednesday

Mrs. Baird played her philopena handsomely, and we saw the performance at the Orpheum from a box, which we had all to ourselves.

"People think we're an actor and actress," said Mart.

"There's no reason on earth it shouldn't be so," I answered. I spent all my talk on the persuasion business, but she will not commit herself definitely. Monday she goes to San Francisco for about three weeks. She has promised to take her part with her and learn it on the train.

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Sunday.

Opal is like Jeanne Darc.

Keine says: "In my youth I was often overpowered by the infinite sweetness, the mysterious and blessed effluence, the delirious death-ecstasy, of Catholicism."

The life of Joan of Arc would make a very acceptable play, and Opal could take the part of the Holy Virgin of Orleans.

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Wednesday.

Today I completed my rose garden, and there are now fifteen varieties of the royal flower under my superintendence.

Cladesley left for the lumber mills above Sanger.

"Good-bye, Corporal - have a good time."

"Good-bye, Corporal - have as good a time as you can under the circumstances!"

I don't like to see him leave for the "tall timbers", but it's "the only way."

The situation here was become quite impossible. And for the sake of Mavis, of Charles Metcalfe, of Mrs. Metcalfe, of their children, of me - for all of us, and Cladesley most of all, he ~~go~~ "must go, go, go away from here."

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Friday.

I found two of the rulers of heaven dead this morning. I suppose the "food of the gods" didn't agree with them. As I looked on the calm face of Allah, I bethought me of the creed — "There is but one God, Allah — and Mahomet is his prophet." And now? I buried the two among my roses. Some day I shall put up an inscription — over the one, "The front of Jove himself." Requiescat in pace;" and over the other, "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life — ?"

And again I shall test the truth of "Sometimes think that never blows so red The rose, as where some buried Caesar bled." Now it happens that the only rose in my garden (excepting the little new ones) which has not bloomed at all is the red rose planted over the "five Caesars," and I ~~have~~ 'gin to have my doubts. Yes, I sometimes think that never blows so red — but not often. Gene is sick, but I guess he'll recover. He's all we have left of the original thirteen.

Saturday.

Constance Skinner was to have come to lunch, but got sick, and so didn't.

Cloudesley came back in the evening. He says he found out from a chance acquaintance that the Sanger Mills are no good now, and so he spent two days at the San Fernando Mission, and then turned back. He says he'll try the San Bernardino Mountains next. His bedding is at Sanger, and will be a week before it can be ~~sent~~ back. In the meantime, I suppose "Sadie" will keep his mind ~~occupied~~ occupied and prevent him from brooding too much on his failure to make good on the trip to the tall timbers of Sanger. I'd like to bet 3 to 1 he is here two weeks from now.

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Wednesday.

Mamma and I called on Mrs. (Madame!) Severance this afternoon, in order to get a word from her to Modjeska, that I may become one of her company to play at the Mason next month. What a treat we are to have! Modjeska in Macbeth, As You Like It, Adrienne le Comte, etc. It would be nicer still if I got a part in the performance. Nothing doing at Mrs. L's.

Next we went to Mrs. Foster, where we met Virginia Wright.

We had supper at the Groff's. Mrs. Jenkins, the only nice one of the crowd, was there.

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Saturday.

Connie came. She's just as nice, if not nicer, than we at first supposed. It is she who is changing the whole Modjeska business for next month, in order to give Lawrence Hanley, whom she has reformed, a chance to remain a man and do something. She's living on a dollar a week so to keep a strong man-nurse with Hanley all the time to keep him from backsliding. Ma gave her five dollars of mine. I think it's a good investment. Connie is to bring Lawrence Hanley up here to lunch next Saturday, maybe.

Virginia Wright came and got the "page" part of Grandma's play. She seemed disappointed at not getting "Mrs. Popkov."

Telephoned to Mrs. Baird, asking her to come to rehearsal tomorrow. She can't, so I guess it's all off, and that's settled.

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Tuesday.

The whole western sky was aglow from eight o'clock onward, so Cloudealey and I went down and watched the Cuda by packing-house burn down. (There's English for you!) A \$400,000 fire. The brick walls, four stories high, remained standing, instead of falling, as they should have done, consequently the conflagration (and there's a splendid bit of alliteration!) was not as imposing a spectacle as it might otherwise have been. When C and I returned we heard some Colony, and got to bed a little after one.

Opal said she'd be fourteen in July.
Now, as she was fourteen last July this
looks queer. Dad joked her about it, saying
she thought she was only twelve, but
later she asked Virginia if Opal was
really only fourteen. And Daddy said
"That's all." "But I thought she was
fifteen!" "No," said Virginia. Doubtless
they wish to keep her a child pianist
as long as possible, and perhaps, too,
Virginia thinks her authority will be
stronger if Opal is only fourteen.

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Wednesday.

Grandma's birthday. Ninety-three years old. Opal and Virginia came up in the afternoon, and stayed to supper. I fixed up the table, served the folks, and then went into the parlor where Davida and Abon were, while they ate. Opal and I both tried hard to win the philopina, but, as Ma said, 'when Greek meets Greek.'

Opal asked Ma to tell me she wanted gens, to give to her teacher. Ma asked me. I shook my head slowly. "No," I said. As they went down the steps I called after her: "Cautess! ~~You may have gens~~ I'll lend you gens, for a philopina." She answered not at all, neither spoke she.

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Saturday, 11.

Box at Ophemus with D. M. W.

Monday, 13.

I took Jens over to Opal in the afternoon, but, though asked, I did not go inside, and left after a few minutes talk with her on the piazza. Box at the Casino with D. M. W. in the evening.

Tuesday, 14.

Miss Moore, Mama and I went to see Maude Adams in The Little Minister, and there was no disappointment. She fulfilled every expectation. Nothing great: the play does not demand it, but the most bewitching elfishness, entrancing fairy grace. Wonderful little person is Maude Adams. I want to see her in L'Aiglon, where she will be great - if it's in her to be great. Like Lottie Kendall, she is perfection in what she does, and she may be great in a great play.

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Thursday, 16.

Grace Hersee's Musical — C. S. T. B.?

Friday, 17.

H. S. dance with Davida.

Thursday, 23.

Schumackers with J. P. to have medallion photographed.
Comrie came back with us, and stayed for luncheon.

Friday, 24.

I spent five hours at the Woman's Club House giving out invitations for the play tomorrow night. Mrs. Wadleigh saw that I got some luncheon, and it was exceeding good, too. The salad was unforgettable, the coffee very good, and the ice-cream Neapolitan.

Saturday.

"The Turning of the Page."

Dress rehearsal in the morning. Virginia came over with Opal. I gave the Countess back her baby picture and one of the copies. She thought I had not kept one for myself, and insisted on my ~~taking~~ keeping that one, until I explained.

In the evening I took the tickets at the door, and after the play was over stayed behind the scenes till the conclusion of the program. Then I went out and made my little speech: "Ladies — and what few gentlemen are here — there will now be a short 'con-versation' with Mrs. Spring. If you don't know what conversation means, Mr. Whitehead will come out and tell you."

I tried to get up a dance, but no one could be found to play. Opal was very anxious for me to start one, but alas, it was no go. She was pleasant to me all day.

Monday, 27.

Orpheum box party in honor of Davis birthday - five months late. But the Marcel statuary is the first really good thing since Feb. 1st at the Orpheum.

Wednesday, 29.

Virginia phoned in the morning to learn if I cared to go with Opal and Natalie to Prof. Jahn's recital. I went. The thing was beastly and the hall hot, but I sat next Opal, and we managed to amuse ourselves. She wore the long-fought-for philopene, and is proud — as she has a right to be, never having lost one in her whole life. At Christopher's, later, she held a cracker toward me to start another, but changed her mind. I sat with Mrs. Clark on the way back, leaving the two girls alone.

Opal has lost a pearl from her cross. She beat Clouderley over the head with it, he says. I can remember a time when she would not have used thus the emblem of the Christian faith. She's her old self again.

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Saturday.

We were all ready for Monsieur Marcel and Mademoiselle Capere, but of course they didn't come. A very polite note in French came by the noon mail. So I get another autograph - which isn't worth anything. As we ~~were~~ worked all day yesterday cleaning the house, and had about four dollars worth of perishable food on hand, we tried to get Opel to come over. She was very tired from her trip to Long Beach yesterday and will come tomorrow instead. She wanted me to go down to the ocean too, but as Charlesley forgot to give me the note she wrote to me in Spanish, until one o'clock the next day, it was out of the question.

I went to see Lottie Kendall in The Wedding Day at the Casino in the afternoon, while J. P. took Gilead to Marcel at the Orpheum, and then to Schumachers to have his chest photographed, as Romeo. Lottie Kendall is always Lottie Kendall - the perfection of what she attempts - but today she had no part like the boy in Boccaccio or the dear little country girl in The Masquerade.

Friday.

I went to the Westminster at eleven, and brought Valerie Buzon out here. We go up a sumptuous "dejeuner-a-la-fourchette". — Lamb chops, shroesting potatoes, chicken patties with white sauce, potato salad, olives, chocolate, bread and butter, Swiss cheese, butter crackers, summer squash, sliced peaches and cream, cottage cake, and rootbeer. Miss Buzon didn't eat much. I don't think we made a very favorable impression on her; Ma thinks just the contrary. She took a great fancy to Grandma, however, though that doesn't matter at all, one way or the other. Ma is going to write a play for her, but I'd like to wager it won't be accepted, however good it may be. I'm not hide-bound, though, and if it turns out right, why, I'll admit that I was ~~wrong~~ I took her back about four.

Monday

This morning, by appointment made with Morosco last night, I went to the Burbank to see if there was any chance for me to get a place with the Oliver Morosco Company, and get a little experience. There wasn't. I left my name, address, and phone number with Morosco, in case there was an opening for me, but of course I'll never hear of that again. Nobody wants to hire amateurs. Yet it is necessary to start somewhere. And I will not supe!

Mama wrote part of the play for Valerie Bengere yesterday, and I left it at the Westminster. We'll hear from it later.

Wednesday.

Orpheum matinee to see Valerie Bergere in "Jimmy's Experiment". She sent us four tickets to Mama this morning. She can't use the play, though. Clouderley and Sadie are going to see the playlet tonight. This afternoon we had Florence Darch with us. Mama, Miss Moore and I were the ~~the~~ other three. After the performance we all went behind, to the stage entrance, and saw Miss Bergere and her "ham-pin" dog. She says she'll send us tickets for Saturday, when she plays "Billy's First Love."

Friday.

Mama and I went down in the morning, and among other things went to the Westminster to see Valerie Bergere. I stayed in the parlor while Ma went up to her room and had a talk with her. She told Ma that C. would never succeed on the Ophelia — "but Bertie, ah! he is the boy! I like him: he is so bright! A little shy but he will get over it." Ma offered her a play for nothing. C. says this was a bad mistake.

Mrs. Metcalfe came up from Long Beach (where she went yesterday with all her hats to stay a month!) on purpose to see Valerie, who was to have come up in the afternoon had not Ma gone to see her at her hotel. Sadie stayed till night, and then C went over to Vernon with her.

Saturday.

Miss Bergen sent the tickets in the morning. Virginia telephoned that on account of her eyes (!) she could not go, but that Opal could. So we got 2 extra seats (Mama, Miss Moore, Cloudeley, Mrs. Metcalfe, Opal, and I) by phone. At half past one Virginia telephoned that Opal could not go, as she needed her to help her for the ball at Pasadena tonight. (Eyes, indeed!) Twice Ma phoned to get the decision reversed, but the "authority" must not be monkeyed with. Dear Virginia! C. went down at 2 to meet Mrs. Metcalfe, while Mama, Miss M. and I arrived at 3, as we only cared to Valerie Bergen's play. And there was Opal! Five minutes before Sadie left Vernon, Roddy again changed her wonderful mind, and the Countess came after all — minus her collar, which she didn't have time to put on.

Cloudeley took Sadie to her train, Miss Moore and I went for Mosquito netting, and Mama went behind ~~the~~ with Opal, where they saw

the O'Drille Sisters (who gave them each a car-
nation), and had a talk with Valerie Eugene.

In saying good-bye Miss Eugene said:

"Give my love to the little boy." This
amused Opal, who called me "baby" all the
way home. She sat with Miss Moore, while
I stayed with Ma. She was in a very happy
mood, and let herself have full swing. She
seems to have taken a great fancy to Miss Moore.
calls her "peaches," kisses her, fondles her,
and talks to her considerably. Now as the
Countess is the only person we have never
talked against (any of us), Miss M. naturally
considers it a triumph that this one
person should take to her. There is ab-
solutely nothing in common between them,
and Miss Moore does not really care for
Opal, but the circumstances are too
much for her, and her head is turned.
She burned the potatoes, and then went
to her room and played martyr, refusing
to come out to supper. Opal sym-
pathized. They had two long talks, one in
her room, and another on the lower
porch.

Miss Bengere came out to greet me, dressed in the most beautiful brown dress I have ever seen. She gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Drown, told me she would speak to him personally besides, told me I would succeed, asked me to let her know from time to time how I was getting on, to send her a copy of the play when I had decided on it, and gave me some advice to use in dealing with Drown.

"Don't make the mistake of thinking that anything is good enough for Vanderville. That's an exploded theory."

"I guess you are one of the ones who helped to explode it."

She smiled, well pleased.

"I saw you yesterday," she said.

"Where?" I asked in wonder.

"Over the footlights. I got the location of your seats."

"I saw you over the footlights, too," I said. "Billy's First Love is my favorite of the three playlets, you know."

"You can always find my seat in the Dramatic Dining; send me a scenario of

your playlet; let me hear from you. If
 even I get a chance for you, you shall have it."
 She held out her hand. "This is a promise!"
 she said. So, I left her, with profuse thanks.
 The letter of introduction:

My dear Mr. Brown:

This will introduce my little
 friend Mr. Herbert Peet, who has great
 ambitions and is very clever, and has the
 advantage of a brilliant mother and social
 standing. By giving him the desired "chance"
 you will greatly favor and deeply obligate
 Yours cordially
 Valerie Berque

July 31st 1904.

Saturday.

Thunder-storm, sand-storm, rain-storm.

Florence and I went to the Casino in the afternoon. Opal met us by appointment in the lobby afterwards. Then Christophers. I suggested Levy's later, but they refused. F. wanted to go back to the house to work, but I wouldn't let her. Almost had a row. Finally we bought some salad and tarts at Newberry's, and went out to the Bowman's. Opal showed Florence her mother's and father's pictures, and told her some of the recent events. Then she played a Chopin Waltz. Then she beat my left hand to a pulp with the edge of a photograph. Then she spent an hour or so cooking supper: made a leatherly omelet, vile tea, and was unhappy.

"What difference does it make? Why do you bother about it?"

"Because some people make nice suppers for me and I want to do it in return. I hate this house. Is it any wonder I feel miserable here? Even you moan when you come over here. It's the house."

Monday.

Cloudeley went over to Vernon to see Mr. Bowman on the Leonard business (with \$50.), and I sent Opal a can of French mushrooms and some stories. ~~by her~~ "Rob & his Friends" and "Marjorie Fleming" in a book, and "Mrs. Gordon's Amok" torn from a magazine - I scrawled on this last, "You can eat the mushrooms, but I want the book and this back, so don't eat them. B.P."

In the afternoon Virginia telephoned four times, Mrs. says (while I was away) asking for Cloudeley and demanding to know if Mr. Bowman had been here yet. What the hell?

Davis goes to Mexico tomorrow to work in a mine, bossing a construction gang. He's going to try to get me a job as time keeper, or something of the sort. He gets (or is to get) \$6 a day. I took him one of my red silk handkerchiefs for a parting present. To celebrate his going he took me to the Orpheum. We sat in a mezzanine box - he and his wife and I. Very excellent playlet - "The Girl from Kansas." Talked with Connie during intermission.

Thursday.

"How did you sleep?" asked they. Six o'clock.

"Slept like a brick for nearly two hours.

Do you have fleas down here?"

They were going fishing, but gave it up, and were going in the surf, but Natalie hurt her hand last night, so we didn't do that either.

I started out for a little fresh air. Opal was curled up in her chair on the piazza where she spent the night. We called good morning to each other, and she ran into the house. I went on to the beach. Ten minutes later a person I knew came down to the water's edge, and we walked two miles along the beach gathering shells, and then rested on the sand. A wet dog came and dried himself against me. Said Opal then:

"That pup likes you. All dogs do."

"No," I said; "there are some dogs I don't like and those don't like me. 'Many loves the lamb, you know?'"

"They'd all like you if you let them."
Here endeth the allegory of the wet dog.

sake I am sorry she tried this, for it will discourage her to make any further attempt towards the legitimate. I would have preferred Amelia Gardner to Alberta Gallatin, could I have heard what she said. She was the ideal Mrs. Alving in looks — the saddened lady-like mother which Alberta Gallatin was not — but God knows what she was talking about. If I hadn't known from seeing Alberta Gallatin I would not have known myself (this is not intended for blasphemy, O God.) And no Oswald can ever come up to Claus Bogel. There was an unearthly beauty in his face that one does not forget, and ten times the refinement, and more personal magnetism than Harry Westager can ever hope to possess. And I could scarcely hear the latter's "The sun, the sun, the sun," which Claus Bogel made so very great. Still, I must admit that there are allowances to be made: Burbank, poor acoustics; Mason, excellent ditto: and 19th row against 5th counts for something.

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Wednesday.

Mama phoned to Hope 1352 to ask Virginia about the camping at Arthur's. She wasn't there, but Edal was. Evidently she has come back from the beach. Virginia rang up later and invited me and Ma to spend Saturday afternoon at Kanon — MacVias coming to supper. Wanted Connie too. Said she'd discuss the camping then.

Rang up Connie, who accepted for Saturday, and asked me to come down at once and see "Joseph Entangled." It was 8:25 then, and at 9 I was in my seat at the Deacon. As Connie says, though, a lot of epigrams don't make a play. "R.H.C." in front of us. Amusing coincidence. Also story of Bertha Galland.

Mazie came yesterday.

C.J. left L.A. Sunday morning, as his letter which came today from Santa Barbara shows.

Wednesday.

"The Henrietta", with Opal, Virginia, Mamma and Mizzie. Harry Mestayer as "Bertie the Lamb." Great amusement of the Countess. There could not be a greater difference than between "Oswold" and "Bertie", and Mestayer does both wonderfully.

Virginia asked Ma if she and I wouldn't spend a month at Long Beach with her and Opal, instead of having them come with us for a week to the Sulphur Ranch. Ma would think it over. Opal did not hear this suggestion of her aunt's. Ma told her.

"Oh, then I won't fight against it any more," she said, and begged Ma to accept.

Sunday.

Yesterday J. P. phoned that she was willing to go to Long Beach, and that I would bring over our half of the rent (\$2.50) today, when I came to see the Metcalfs off. This morning, when Mrs. M. phoned to say that she wasn't going today, Virginia (who was in bed when I had rang up yesterday) crawled to the phone, and said: "You know I haven't entirely decided about the beach yet." (She never seemed so set on anything before. Ah, no; she hadn't decided. But of course when we said we'd go, she had to back out. Such a haggler with events!)

Saturday.

We advertised 3 times this week for a girl to act. Among the answers was one who will be a very great help. Kathryn Glenn. She spent the afternoon, stayed to supper, and took a great interest. She's had some troubles, and she's lonesome and poor.

We hunted up Lorraine Plaisted, (found her at the Cineograph) and perhaps will get her. I now felt more confident of success. The fact that we've always failed before is no proof that we are going to fail this time.

Lovely autograph letter from Charles Waver Stoddard.

I mailed 2 cakes of sweet chocolate to Opal, and enclosed a poem (The Lute-Player's House) of which this is the last verse:

"But come, if thou art weeping,
For though thy grief be strong,
Remember the lute-player
Will comfort thee with song."

Thursday.

The last three days have been spent entirely on hunting actresses. Tuesday Lorraine Plaisted and Kathryn Glenn came to luncheon, and the following morning we all went to Clarence Brown. He offered no rehearsal next Wednesday, but Lorraine could not wait, as she has engagements in Riverside. So on Thursday we brought Ethel Dunn up here, and we had a mighty fine luncheon, and Kathryn ate and ate, and filled herself up, and finally we went to town, with Ethel undecided whether to try it or not, as her work at the Casino gives her very little time. We had offered Lorraine $\frac{1}{4}$ of all we made, and Kathryn the same. Ma also agreed to give them each a quarter of her quarter, Ethel we offered a flat sum of \$25 a week.

Friday

Mama and I went down to the Burbank in the afternoon and saw the Inosco amateur try-out! Cinew must not ring tonight! "Oh Gaud!

We found one little Jewess, but I don't agree. Ethel Drum has declined.

We called on the Darch's for a few minutes, and then ran over to the Bowman's to go with them to the Debo's gathering. But Virginia was away, and we couldn't leave Opal alone, so Mama and I stayed while Mr. B. and Mrs. Clark went to hear Debo.

We three who remained sat on the steps and watched the moon and the sky. And the Countess told me I was her "twin-half-adopted-step-brother-in-law-by marriage." And we kissed each other good-bye like two good little children.

Saturday.

Opal, Virginia, Mama, Cloudeley and I went to the Orpheum this afternoon, and were well rewarded. "Driftwood" was the name of the playlet, and Eva Williams was the person. She's an actress though and though, and ranks with Valerie Rogers, a Lillian Buckhart at her best. I got some chocolates for Opal & Mama, who had had no luncheon.

In the evening I went down to spend a couple of hours with Mrs. Davis, as per her request; have to appear polite to the kid's wife.

Tuesday.

I have been writing every since noon. It's ten o'clock now, and I'm done. The Sound Condenser is finished - 3,400 words. Tomorrow I'll type it, and send it off to the Black Cat, and in six weeks it will be back again, and I'll be sorry I wasted 50 cents. Meantime, it will begin.

I telephoned to Opal tonight, asking if she would meet me in town tomorrow afternoon, that I might return her handkerchief and bring her the "Catherine Inermat" rose I promised her. She agreed.

Now I go to bed.

Monday.

Mrs. Baird phoned at eight o'clock in the evening, asking me to come right over, as she expected Mr. Proed, and did not wish to be alone. I got there at nine. Opal was told to retire at 11. We went into the dining-room to drink some coffee, and soon Mrs. Baird came in, Proed having left very angry with her for her abominable treatment of him. ~~His~~ French gown. "I was going to dress my best when I turned anybody down, but I won't now," said Opal. Mrs. Baird repented, and upstairs we phoned to his hotel, leaving our number. At twelve, after talking about drowning at sea at night, and being executed, we retired. At 12:30 Proed rang up, and Mrs. Baird went to the other extreme, and was too soft. "Come over and I'll make you a toddy," she said. Then I went to sleep.

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Tuesday.

When I got up in the morning I learned that Paed had come out last night (today, rather) at 2 o'clock, in a cab, which he dismissed on his arrival, expecting to stay all night. Mrs. Baird told me of the great scene she had with him. — "Ato to!" Finally she turned him out in the cold, and he walked part of the way back, getting a cab finally for the balance of the trip. High doings

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Thursday

Mrs. Baird telephoned that Praed had been killed in an automobile accident this morning, and asked me to come over. Rehearsal, so I couldn't. In the afternoon Charlesley and I went to the morgue and took a look at Praed's corpse, and then I took Mrs. Baird some violets. The whiteness of Praed's face had upset me a bit, and a girl made me some coffee. We played cards in Mrs. Baird's room, and then went to heat some water for the poor nervous woman.

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Thursday - Thanksgiving Day.

All yesterday I worked with a jaf cleaning the house, and worked alone till noon today. Opal, Mrs. Baird and Mr. Bowman came at 2:30. The Countess helped me with the dinner, which we had at 4. (Fricassee chicken, Baked sweet potatoes, mashed white potatoes, Boiled onions with white sauce, Cranberries, Olives, Raspberry jelly, Celery, French bread, Pumpernickel; then Plum pudding, Strawberries, Cheese, Butter wafers, Coffee, Apples, Bananas, Cake, Nuts, Raisins) Soon after dinner we all went over to the Studio, where Clouderley and Opal had already gone, and danced and sang and put on costumes - a very little of each. Opal and I tried to waltz together, but it was not a success. This seemed to worry the Countess. They left before seven o'clock, Clouderley and I accompanying them to the car.

Monday.

Clouderley and went to the polls in
on precinct (No 108) and voted 2 straight
Socialist tickets.

I went down town, and mailed a
registered pkg. to Mrs. Baird containing the
one-cent ~~I sent~~ one her, and which she
has been clamoring for. Also, I got a
new crystal for my watch, which I had
broke Saturday night panding me.

And I bought a box for next Monday
at the Orpheum, and 2 balcony seats (front
row) for Ma and C.J. to witness the affair.

We had chops for dinner, Potatoes
(which are fresh) for supper, and we're
going to have a 75-cent steak for dinner
tomorrow. It's a beauty. And don't you
dare say I'm extravagant.

I'm pretty ruddling happy, too.

Friday

Clouderley and I went to the Automobile Races at Agricultural Park this afternoon. Barney Oldfield is certainly a real wonder! Great race between Barney in his "Green Dragon" and Frank Garbutt in his "Snowball."

In the evening we went out to the Douch's to invite Edna and Florence to go with our party to Pasadena on New Year's to see the Olympic Games.

Edna played to Prelude to Parsifal, which is not much when played next to the P. C., which she also played. I can play "Green Dragon" to her "Blue Steak" in the P. C. However, Edna was playing practically at sight, not having looked at it for a year, while I play it over every day or two.

Tuesday.

Shopping again with O & Mr. E. B. He met C. J. in town. He seemed displeased to find me with O, as I had not mentioned it to him on the car when we went down together.

After much haggling and fussing we found a suitcase that pleased Opal and we all that too, and beat the man down to \$7.50 from \$10.75.

Then we went to dinner at the Holbrook and ate a full and regular meal, and went home.

Mrs. Baird got O a beauty pair of shoes. Wanted to spend \$2, I suppose. Salesman brought out a \$3 pair. Protest from Mr. E. B.

"I think at Opal's age she ought have the finest shoes," said I.

Whereupon O & I agreed to make up to Mrs. B. the difference in presents to her.

12
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Tuesday.

Opal and I had our best horseback ride today. We left Vernon at one o'clock, rode through town and out to Elysian Park. Up the beautiful ~~and~~ roads we galloped, and when we reached the ~~ground~~ ^{hilltop} at the top, we made the horses climb it; and at the flag-pole we stopped. I leaned across and kissed her. Then we rode down, and across the valley to Arthurs. At 4:30 we got back to the stables, after 3 hrs. riding — the longest yet. Car to Vernon, stopping for beans on the way at San Pedro St.; and a steak at Vernon.

Whist with Mrs. Bowman and Mr. Dwall. Mrs. B. and I losing to Opal and Dwall.

Opal can go to hear Paderewski with me if she practices 2 hrs. a day till the time.

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Thursday.

A little after 10 this morning we rehearsed "Teddy's Trick" before Mr. Gizard, with Clarence Drom in the background. Essie Ingessell never did so poorly, but even so was passable; Lella Davis acted better and spoke more distinctly than at ~~any~~ any rehearsal in the studio, but sang worse. Drom came forward and spoke to Gizard when it was over, and then left, without speaking to us. Gizard requested ~~me~~ to appear at Drom's office tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, and "bring the young ladies." I think we have succeeded!

Miss Kundson accompanied in place of an orchestra. I gave a \$1.50 box of chocolate to partly repay her for her unselfish devotion to "Teddy's Trick." Mama came in just before Teddy's mad exit, and saw the balance of the performance from in front. Charlesley helped carry down the costumes, shouted, and made himself very useful.